



VOL. XVIII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 10, 1880.

NO. 41.



Our Home, our Country, our Brother Man.

Some Uses of Yellow Dock.

The yellow dock is a perennial weed in cultivated grounds. It is a tough, hard, long-lived plant, exhausting the soil and difficult to eradicate. It is nevertheless useful for some purposes, and is often serviceable as a medicine.

Two or three years ago Professor Salisbury made an analysis of it.

100 grains of the ashes of the root gave,
11 grains of carbonic acid,
.500 of a grain of silicic acid,
26.30 grains of different kinds of phosphates,
3.837 " of lime,
7.630 " of magnesia,
9.733 " of potash,
18.180 " of soda,
4.502 " of sulphuric acid,
3.808 " of chlorine,
11.000 " of organic acids.

Any one can see that a plant which contains so large a quantity of Phosphates, as well as so much lime, magnesia, potash, soda, &c. must necessarily exhaust the soil and is therefore an unprofitable companion for those crops which are cultivated.

Now what are the good properties of this "nuisance"? Prof. S. says the leaves are sometimes eaten for greens. This is true. Every good housewife knows that the tender leaves of the curled dock are excellent for greens. He also remarks that they are somewhat laxative, and form an excellent diet in scrofulic complaints. The roots contain a yellow dye and are sometimes used for coloring. This dye on exposure to the atmosphere for some time changes to a reddish color.

As a medicine it has enjoyed some reputation. A decoction of the root when made into a syrup is a laxative, and also has tonic properties, and is useful in such diseases as the salt rheum and other cutaneous affections. In its tonic and laxative properties it somewhat resembles rhubarb. It has also been used as medicine for the itch and an ointment made of it for external application in such cases.

The powdered root has also been used as a tooth powder in case of tender and spongy gums. It is extensively used in patent medicines. Some of the famous sarsaparillas are composed in part of this root.

Prof. S. says it yields its active properties to water and alcohol. The infusion or decoction is yellow, and the tincture is of a dark yellow color, (the alcohol takes up nearly all of the coloring matter) with an odor of the root and an excessively pungent, bitter taste.

It requires several fresh additions of water and alcohol before the active properties can be extracted. The residue after sufficient maceration is inodorous and almost tasteless. In several trials of this kind, it was found necessary to add water or alcohol from four to five times, keeping the whole addition briskly boiling for 10 or 15 minutes before the bitter, astringent principle could all be taken up.

On subjecting the green root to a temperature of 212 degrees in a partially closed vessel it turns to a dark brown color and gives off a very strong, pungent odor, like that of the dry root.

By long continued boiling the pungent, bitter qualities become greatly diminished—a protracted heat will therefore diminish its activity as a medicine. The bitter principles, especially, escape by the evaporation of the liquid, and the residue is more nauseating.

It should be gathered while in flower, whether needed for medicine or to eradicate from your fields.

A Shocking Horse.

There are a great many "shocking" horses, in the country, and some very shocking bad ones, but the horse we are now about to describe is a very good one for shocking corn, when you cut it up early, and desire to have it ripen in shocks, as many now practice. Our neighbor Alden, who reads the mode of shocking corn around a standing hill, dissented from that plan entirely, and wished us to give a description of a shocking horse—a very simple implement, much used in some sections of the State, for shocking corn, or, in other words, for aiding in putting the corn in shocks after it is cut and banded up ready to put into shocks or "stooks."

Take a light cord, spruce or other pole, say ten feet long. Near the butt end bore holes flaring or diverging from each other, into which two legs are placed, say three feet long. When placed upon these legs, the large end of the pole stands up from the ground, like one end of a saw horse, while the other end rests on the ground.

About three feet from these legs, and towards the small end, bore a hole, of an inch or more in diameter, horizontally, through which a stick, two or three feet long, is thrust half of its length, so as to stick out a foot or more each side of the pole. This stick, when in its place, lies horizontally, or "level," as some would say, and it makes four corners or angles up next to the pole. You will use this implement in the following manner: Place it where you propose to have a shock stand. Bring along your bundles, and begin by placing a bundle in each corner or angle made by the stick thrust through the pole. This will keep them in their place till a sufficient number have been stood up together; then bind them together at the top, and put on the cap piece. Your shock is now completed, and you are ready to move on. Pull out the stick that is thrust through the pole, then take hold of the pole, or "horse," at the large end, and pull that out, and your shock is left to "stand on its own bottom." In this way the business is greatly facilitated, and there is no necessity of saving a hill of corn standing, in order to hold up the shock.

An Old Destroyer but a New Visitor.

The turnip and cabbage yards in our vicinity have been overrun this season by what is many seem a new destroyer. It is an old enemy, but we have never seen so many of them as during this season. At present he shows himself in the form of a caterpillar, handsomely striped with yellow and black colors. Having, in many instances, stripped the turnip and Ruta Baga leaves clean, it has turned to the beets and carrots for a closing meal. It is the larva of a species of moth, or, as some call it, "miller," genus, (*Phalaena*, perhaps the *Phalaena Oleracea*). He will roll himself up, by and by, into a chrysalis, and "hide his time," when he will come out in the form of a handsome moth or miller, with mealy wings and delicate color, and feel so gay and proud that he will disdain to taste of a turnip or any such garden truck.

We hardly know how they can be destroyed, now. Poultry don't seem to like the taste of them, and it is difficult picking them off. A smoke of fire and brimstone might kill some of them.

Farm Work for October.

The latter harvest of New England comes in October. This is a most important month for every farmer. No one should put off to November what may as well be done in October. The days are long enough to accomplish much in a month, and farmers can better afford to hire men now than in shorter days.

Corn and potatoes are to be gathered and housed in October—for though many prefer an earlier day to secure their potatoes from frost and rot, October is the best time for digging all except the early kinds. When there are fears of rot the vines may be pulled and the potatoes be left to ripen in the ground. If they must not let them go in the field rather than in the cellar.

In regard to corn it is decidedly wrong to meddle with it till the frost has turned the green leaves to a yellow hue and opened the husks that were made to cover the soft kernel while it was swelling to maturity. With good fences, corn is safe as a field than in the barn till the ears have partially dried and the grain has become hard. The husks will suffer a little as food for cattle, but we must consider that the great object for them is the protection of the kernel rather than the nourishment of animals.

The corn harvest is vastly important to the farmers of New England. This must be attended to though all others are neglected. Potatoes and turnips and carrots and parsnips are all of inferior concern compared with the old, substantial, certain, and the profitable, Indian Corn Harvest. On this we must rely for fattening our beef, our pork, and our poultry—and the time may come, as it has been, when corn will be the chief ingredient in the composition of bread.

Those farmers who have cut and picked their stalks should take care and not let them stand too long in the field. Ten or fifteen days of tolerably good weather will fit them to be packed away in the barn, on top of the hay mows, and in sheds. Farmers often let them stand till November and ruin their virtue.

Winter apples are to be gathered in October, and the first of the month is better than the latter part. They ought to be kept as cool as possible till November to prevent rotting.

Turnips, carrots, parsnips and beets may lie in the ground without injury till November. Parsnips are often left in the ground till the spring, but they must be taken up soon after the first leaves of the ground to prevent their sprouting.

October is the best month for making cider. Much is wanted for vinegar, and while there are apples that are good for little else than cider and vinegar it is not prudent in farmers to let them waste and purchase at shop prices that is not fit for use, or made out of materials unknown to the purchaser.

A large portion of the poor apples may be used for hogs and cattle, but it is not an easy matter to preserve them for winter use. Use them up before winter comes and they will aid considerably in fattening.

Harvesting will occupy so much of the time of the prudent farmer that he will hardly be able to attend to any permanent improvements on his farm during the month. If he has any leisure he may dig rocks, or plough and prepare for next season. But in general farmers must now be busy in gathering their crops—and as they cannot commence harvesting corn till after the frost appears they should spend a good portion of their evenings in husking. This may as well be done by candle or moonlight as any kind of business, and when the corn is once ready the business must not be delayed. Nearly all the husking may be done in the evening.

Trees may be set in October as soon as the frost has killed all the leaves; and though we prefer the spring for fruit trees, October will answer with proper care. Trees set in October are in more need of staking than trees set in the spring, for it is not prudent to mulch them in Autumn for fear of mice.

To save the labor of staking trees in October a small mound of earth may be piled up around each one. This will support the top and tend also to protect the roots from frost. The mound should be removed in the spring.

Cure for a Bellowsed Horse.

Some few weeks since, being overtaken by a severe thunder storm on my way home, I took refuge under a shelter where were assembled several gentlemen, from the same cause. One of the gentlemen thus accosted me—"Why do you not cure your horse of the bellows? For you do not cure him, I cannot, I replied."

Well, stranger, says he, when I am at home I cure all such cases, and warrant them, at ten dollars a head; but as I am a long way from home and your horse is a valuable one, I will tell you how you can cure him effectually in a few days. In the first place, says he, give your horse salt in his water for three mornings in succession; after that pound up a piece of blue-stone about the size of a champagne, and mix it with wet meal, feed him the same for ten consecutive mornings, feeding him rather lightly for those ten days, and if he is not well at the end of the ten days, I will give you my head.

I have tried the remedy, and it has wrought a perfect cure, and now give it to the readers of the Enquirer that they may save their ten dollars too. [Columbian Enquirer.]

Experiments in the Culture of Buckwheat.

In our issue of August, 1849, we published a few paragraphs on this subject, in which we described an experiment then about to be made with buckwheat and rye, seeded together in the corn field, at the time of laying by the corn crop. Half a bushel of each were sown in the corn rows, and received no other covering except that afforded by running the cultivator through the balks. The land (half an acre) is chiefly hill-side and ravine flat—that is to say, it slopes from near the top of the hill to the margin of a spring branch. The buckwheat soon vegetated and appeared, with its young, but broad leaves, above the surface of the ground, and quite regular, when we consider the manner of putting it in. The rye could not be seen except by closely inspecting the soil. The two crops, however, grew up together; the buckwheat, of course, taking the lead and overshadowing the rye. The crop of corn was taken off at the usual time, and the two other crops remained. So soon as the frost of winter prevailed, the buckwheat was killed and its stalks, stems, leaves and buds all fell upon the ground, as so much enriching vegetable matter. Under the protecting foliage of the buckwheat, the young shoots of rye had, by this time, acquired root and strength sufficient to enable them to pass through any winter. They matured early, and the crop was cut off, fully ripe, before the most forward wheat of this year was ready for the sickle. The stalk was exceedingly tall, and the grain firm. The product from half an acre was seven bushels, or fourteen for one of seedling. If, however, we consider the half a bushel of buckwheat as thrown away, the increase is seven for one—not so bad. But the seed buckwheat was not thrown away, since it returned more than an equivalent of vegetable matter to the land. So much for rye and buckwheat.

The present year, half an acre was cut off from the corner of a field and the clover there growing (which was luxuriant) not cut. The plan intended for the remaining clover was to cut the first crop and plough in the second preparatory to sowing wheat. This half acre was fallowed and buckwheat sown upon it. At the time of present writing (August 15) the crop is of vigorous growth, and bids fair to give a large yield of grain. It will be harvested for seed at the proper time. This experiment is instituted to determine, 1st. Whether the sacrifice of a heavy first crop of clover is not compensated for by having it turned under the soil, and by the buckwheat (grain) which is reaped for use. 2d. Whether the lands do not, by this mode of treatment, become better prepared to receive a wheat crop than if it were followed in the latter part of August, and re-fallowed in October, being of course exposed to the action of a hot sun during the entire interval between the two followings.

3d. Whether the ground will not be in better order for seeding wheat after the buckwheat is cut clean, than it would be if fallowed (clover or weeds) once, and that immediately preceding the seeding. We hope to present the result in the *Planter*, when the time for ascertaining it shall have arrived.

The use of buckwheat—a few grains being scattered along the drills—is familiar to some of our best turnip growers, as a preventive of the ravages of the turnip fly, which dislikes and avoids it. We know that it had efficacy in that particular last year, which was a highly favorable year for turnips, particularly the ruta baga. On the same farm, where two patches contiguous situated were sowed, one with and one without buckwheat, the latter was superior.

In another experiment, not made with reference to buckwheat, but to try the effect of fallow in summer cow-pens, it held its own against the well known black-eyed pea. Three spots adjacent, upon each of which cows had been penned during the night for two weeks, and then removed were taken and two of them fallowed in September. One was seeded with buckwheat and one with peas. Neither afforded any green manure worth speaking of, because the frost cut down both crops. The third lot was left undisturbed. Corn was planted on all three this spring. That upon the lot which was not ploughed up last fall is decidedly the best; whilst the buckwheat and pea fallows stand about equal.

[Southern Planter.]

Destruction of Field Mice.
MR. EDITOR: Prevention is better than cure. Your correspondent wishes that some one will tell him how to prevent the mice from committing such ravages upon the nursery trees, and that I mean to do, by detailing the mode that I have for many years adopted, and with very great success.

I am fond of a garden, and in return my garden is fond of me, by returning pest favors with interest; and one of the best things I do for it, is to keep the mice from gnawing the trees in winter, and eating the crops in summer, which is done by the simplest means, by drip-traps, kept continually set in various parts of the garden. They are made of a shingle, poised so exactly by wires placed in the sides to act as axes, that they will turn with the weight of a mouse, depositing him in the pan of water beneath, and returning again to its equilibrium, in readiness for another fare. These traps are baited with various articles, beans, peas, cheese, meat, flour and butter mixed, &c., and over them are placed boxes for shelter and to keep them dry. Here they remain, day and night; are no expense or trouble, and soon exterminate a whole generation of mice, even if a thousand strong. The last time I took fourteen mice out of one pan, and many out of others. Now is coming the best time for catching the mice; there will not long be abundance of food lying abroad, and the savory tidbits made ready for them, will bring them from far and near, particularly at a season of frost and snow. If fifty of these traps are set in a nursery or orchard, think you the effects would not soon be felt? I know it is usual to set mouse traps in the garden at the season of sowing and planting the crops, when, after sowing the ground thick with peas, &c., it is customary to stick one on a string, to entice the mice to come and be caught. No, now is about the time to commence; be diligent to catch the mice as they come, and I know of no better way of ridding yourself of the plague!—a real Pharaoh's plague!

[Boston Cultivator.]

Secure well the fruits of your labor.

Rye.

We received, several days since from Mr. B. F. S. Griffin, of West Newbury, a bag of the most beautiful white rye we have ever seen, and since then have fully tried its value. Served up at the table in the form of pancakes, it is food fit for the table of a Queen, and nutritious and healthful far beyond any preparations of wheat flour. It is well known that the northern nations of Europe, and the Germans, subsist principally on rye, making comparatively but a limited use of wheat and potatoes. We have often thought in view of the poor, dark colored rye, which is seen in this country, that they were to be pitted for the coarse and hard fare upon which they fed, although it might be pronounced wholesome food. If, however, they have an article of rye anything to be compared to that which Mr. Griffin has produced, our epicures may envy rather than pity them. Mr. Griffin has been quite successful in growing wheat and rye. He informs us that he has measured his wheat, and found the product fifteen bushels to one bushel of sowing, or at the rate of 30 bushels to the acre. His rye produced 12 bushels to one bushel sown.

The potato fails us so frequently, that our New England farmers are in danger of becoming sadly depreciated in value, unless some improvements in husbandry are adopted. We are strong in the belief that it is time for our farmers to bestir themselves in this matter, and pay less attention to the potato, and more to other substitutes for food. We learn that many of them are about to sow wheat this season. We do not see why this section of the country cannot grow wheat as well as the old lands of Europe, which have been laid down to it for many generations. Let the experiment be tried, and liberal rewards offered for those who succeed best in keeping off the rust and the weevil, its two great enemies. If wheat fails, then why not try rye, barley and buckwheat as a substitute for the potato? In Pennsylvania, Western New York and Ohio, and the best wheat land in the country, the farmers use only a limited quantity of their own wheat, and grow fat and hearty on rye and buckwheat and barley cakes. All that we need is that the farmers should understand the cultivation, the millers the preparation, and the girls become adepts in cooking these, to supply our tables with more nourishing and healthful food than we now have. We do not know but the potato rot may be sent to save men from indolence in the cultivation and cooking of their food. The potato has been so easily cultivated and readily cooked, that it has, perhaps, attained an undue importance. [Newburyport Herald.]

The Guinea Hen.

The Guinea Hen, or Pouter, is near an everlasting larva. They are said to unite the properties of the Turkey and the Pheasant. They are a native of Africa, though said by some to belong equally to this country, and are easily domesticated. Its flesh is more like that of the Pheasant than the common fowl, both in color and taste, and is reckoned a very good substitute for that bird. It assimilates perfectly with the common fowl in its artificial habits and kinds of food. Its gait is peculiar, as are also its cries. They are fond of marshy places—always perch during the night in high situations or on trees. It is a little singular that American farmers do not turn their attention to these fowls. A knowing Jerseyman, named David Bonner, from England, hired a patch of five acres four years ago, and commenced raising eggs for New York. Bonner has never hired any help, and at this moment owns a farm for which he paid \$4,700, of which the buildings cost over \$3,000. His farm is all paid for—he owes not a cent in the world, and he owns a flock which varies from 800 to 1200 Guinea Hens. [Suffolk Democrat.]

Encourage your own Mechanics.

"Do not send abroad for help if you have work to do, when it can be done in your own neighborhood—perhaps at your next door. Encourage your own honest, industrious, faithful mechanics. They need all the work they can get. By such a course you keep money at home, assist the worthy, and have just as good work performed. It is the only way to make a town prosperous—to support your schools and churches. Where there is a disposition to send a hundred miles for articles that, to say the least, could be manufactured as well at your own door, there will always be little or no business done in the place—the churches will be thinly attended, and all kinds of labor extremely dull. Whenever mechanics are best employed, prosperity is seen—the social virtues predominate, travelling mountebanks and pedlars retire in disgust, and a kindly, brotherly feeling is experienced which is the source of unspeakable happiness.

"Whatever you have to be done, look around at first if your neighbor can do it. If you have a house to build, or a shoe to tap, a harness to be made, or a pump to be bored, a pack of business cards to be printed, or a well to be dug, just look upon your neighbors before you undertake to send abroad; and if you have none around you capable of the task, it will be time enough to look elsewhere. It is a wrong idea to suppose nothing is servicable that is made at home. We know of many instances where men have refused to purchase work made by their neighbors, and paid a distant more for them, when behold! they had been manufactured and sent away to sell by the very neighbors of whom they refused to purchase.

"Let it be the motto of all—I will encourage my own neighbors. In turn you will be encouraged also. A mutual feeling of good will and kindness will spring up in your midst, and property will be observable in every street and in every dwelling." [Charleston Mercury.]

DEAFNESS. James Yearsley, an English surgeon, has discovered, according to the Medical Examiner, a curious and efficient mode of relief for deafness resulting from scrofulic fever, &c., in cases where the drum of the ear has been broken. It is simply to moisten a small pellet of raw cotton, and gently push it down the passage of the ear till it reaches the drum at the bottom; adjusting it till it produces the best hearing. This adjusting is necessary, else it may make the deafness at first only greater. Moisture is indispensable. The cotton should be changed every morning. Many cases are cited in proof.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

Mountains and Mountain Scenery.

NUMBER IV.

We stood upon the lofty summit of Speckled Mt., nearly 5000 feet above the level of the sea, the clouds passing almost within our reach. We felt that we were not on the earth, but above the earth—that we were not of the earth, but were exalted to the ethereal regions—that God had created this mountain, rounded it in the palm of his hand, and planted it here to show forth his creative power and glory—that we stood not in a temple made by man's puny hands, but in Nature's high temple where, with his judges, he had traced in legible characters, his own omnipotence, and that here alone might man commune and hold sacrament.

In the dim distance of the far east, sunk Camden and Dixmont high-lands, so diminutive and undefined that it was only by the knowledge of their points and the assistance of our glass that they could be recognized as old acquaintances. In the south, just skirting the horizon, were Strakeed Mt. and Mt. Pleasant, abashed in the presence of their formidable rival. In the far west opened an unknown country with its mountains, dispirited by the comparison. In the north, Old Blue Mt. Abram, Saddleback, and even N. Jerusalem Peak vainly strove to look proud. Bear River White Cap, a noble, exalted mountain, as seen from abroad, bowed its head, a hulk at our feet. None, save Mt. Washington, "alone in his glory," dare stand up in the majesty of their might.

The summit of Speckled Mt. is not, like almost all high mountains, bald, but covered with a growth of spruce and fir. We do not recollect having before seen fir at half the altitude of Speckled Mt. On the north and east side, the fir has burned near to its summit. The top of this mountain is nearly level for some 30 rods in extent, and covered by a dense growth of evergreen, mostly fir. The soil of this plateau is covered with thick moss and is very moist. The moisture of the soil is owing to the great amount of rain which falls on the mountain, the dense growth, the heavy coat of moss, the coolness of the atmosphere, and the shade of the fog and clouds which collect from the lakes at the north, and very constantly hover over the mountain.

The frosts of a thousand years, and the fires which raged in the drought of last year have not dared Speckled Mt.'s aged head, and we believe, that until time shall expire, it will rear its green head in all the verdure and freshness of youth.

Its summit being covered with thick evergreen, the grandeur and beauty of the scenery, as but part of the horizon can be seen from any one point. It is only when we can stand on the highest point of a mountain and command the whole horizon by turning on our heel, that the view is truly grand and sublime. This mountain probably received its name from the circumstance that the east side of the arm of the mountain is variously interpreted with most beautiful white and dark granite. There are likewise most beautiful patches of lily white granite on the east side of the main mountain. These patches are so purely white that a view of them from a distance would lead one to mistake them for snow. But a strict observer of nature would detect the deception from the fact that they are purer than patches of snow which have lain some time.

The view from this mountain is very extensive, grand and beautiful, extending about 100 miles in all directions except where the White Hills rear their everlasting peaks. On the north we have a distinct view of Lake Umbagog, Rangely Lakes, &c. Androscoggin River is seen gliding past the base of mountains, winding its devious course to the ocean. We found the angle of this mountain, on the east side near its summit, to its base, 29°. We came down the southeast side, where a path can be seen to be cleared for the easy ascent and descent of the mountain.

In the evening the young people in the vicinity had a dancing party in honor, we suppose, of our ascension. But it is in itself a mountain to ascend. To think of taking a double shuffle, or of breaking a pigeon's wing, after he had ascended and descended 4000 feet in one day, we did not deem it advisable to engage a lass for the occasion, and were content to sit and look on, not an uninterested spectator of the services. But we did show our gallantry by furnishing our best team for the transportation of some of the ladies—not as drivers, however. But we must cut short, as we pledged ourselves, to the ladies of course, that we would not report in full, and your correspondent saith no further than that the ladies did affirm that this is not the place where they used to dance on rough hemlock floors, and when a lady felt the keen anguish of a splinter under the toe-nail, the girls would extract it—and further, that a peck of solid nails were never scraped up here in the morning. But it does seem to be in that region something interesting besides mountains, dens, caves and screw-agers!

In the morning we exchanged farewells, and departed, leaving our host the forthcoming volume of the Maine Farmer, and a little of the rhino, and rode down Bear River over a beautiful road to Norway. We stopped to take a peep at Wall Falls. These are named for a well in the solid rock, worn by the action of stones, three feet in diameter, and reported to be thirty feet deep. The well is partly filled with stones and gravel so that we obtained a sounding of only ten feet.

We could not resist our inclination to call on Mr. Foster of Norway—one of the farmers who need not be ashamed of the living which his occupation gives him—and take from the lips of his son, Mr. Ores Foster, his encounter with a bear. "At 10 o'clock, Sept. 16, 1846, I left home to search for lost cattle. I ascended Puzzie Mt. through pasture and wood-land about one mile and a half, where I discovered a cattle-path which led to a stream. Following the path a short distance when I heard a crackling in the woods. I supposed it was occasioned by the cattle of which I was in pursuit, and followed on. I went perhaps twenty rods, and what was my surprise to find distinctly three bounds and a grunting of teeth.

Immediately a huge bear sprang upon me from a thicket about five rods distant. I clapped my hands and told my dog to seize him. But in vain. His love and heretofore faithfulness to his master's feet above the bed, below the falls. The flame

orders could not nerve him to combat with this monster of the forest. He sunk away and covered beneath the thicket. I retreated up hill about two rods to a second growth beech, seven inches in diameter at the butt, and the only small tree in that direction. The trunk of this beech was as smooth as glass, and its lower limbs eight feet from the ground. It was neck or nothing—life or death. With my whole force I sprang for the lower limbs of the tree—failed, but seized the trunk of the tree with my arms and drew up my feet.

At this very instant my ferocious pursuer with a hideous howl sprang upon me, but fell a little short of his aim at the root of the tree. I immediately seized the limbs, and as I was drawing myself into the tree, my terrible antagonist recovered, gave a bound, raked my boot with his claws, and drew me nearly back again. I however ascended with might and main. The bear recovered the second time, sprang into the lower limbs and followed me up. I climbed until I stood on a limb 32 feet from the ground, where I could elude the tree with my hands. Bruin, forming with rage, snarling and gnashing his teeth, was within four feet of me, when the tree began to bend so that I had to balance it, and bruin still advancing. The first came then—not of skill—not of speed—not of strength—for I was fairly tired and could not exert more; but of death! and death by such horrid instrumentality, to be torn limb from limb, and devoured by a ravenous bear. But in this perilous moment, an expedient rushed to my mind. Keeping the balance as well as I could, I shook the tree with all my might, and bruin fell, but sprang to his feet like a cat.

He remained under the tree reconnoitering me, taking cognizance of my every act and motion. I went down the tree a few feet, with a small knife cut a limb one inch and a half in diameter at the butt, and five feet long, and sharpened the small end in order to dim bruin's peepers, should he recede. He shortly recommenced the exercise of his climbing powers, but he failed in probably lessened them somewhat. He failed in every attempt except one to reach the limbs, but fell back. Finding that he was foiled in his attempts to ascend, he would offer his respects to the dog with malice aforethought and full intent to wreak his vengeance on him. The dog would not receive his attentions, but considered that his duty and interest required him to elude his embraces.

Bruin would then return to his first love, and make a strong demonstration of his attachment, but was chagrined to find that his graceful features and winning manners were of no avail. He would then follow the cattle-path 20 or 30 rods, and again commence his dandy reconnaissance of the idol of his affection in the tree. He continued his patrol, frequently renewing his exertion to reclaim the tree, until near sunset, when he began to suspect that he must look after other game for his supper, and with a heavy heart he bade us adieu. But he left no very favorable impression on the object of his attentions. The sparkling beech he left an object of his rashness. The bark was more than half raked from the trunk of the tree, which has never healed nor never can.

When I rushed upon the tree I struck my breast against it which caused it to swell and pain me very much. The fright and exertion of the retreat caused the sweat to flow very profusely, and the blood to rush to my throat and head so as to almost produce delirium. I had hallooed so much and so loud that my throat swelled and my voice failed me. I was so nervous, or rather nervous, that I could scarcely sustain myself in the tree. In addition to all this, my hands and feet were cramped, and swollen by standing and holding on the tree; it was a raw, windy day in September, and I was on the side of the mountain where the wind blew cold and strong. I had no jacket—hungry and thirsty were intense, and night was drawing near. I dared not descend the tree for fear the bear might be lurking about; and had I dared it seemed an impossibility for me to descend the tree and return home down the mountain. Death now presented itself in another form—death from exposure, death from exhaustion, death from hunger and thirst. Such was my condition, but I determined to retain my position until morning, and then if possible make my way home.

It was Sunday, and my father's family, as they were wont, attended divine services; and stopped to visit with their friends. They returned about sunset and found the dog only at home. He was very uneasy, and endeavored to direct their attention to the mountain. They knew that I was to hunt that day for lost cattle on the mountain, and supposed from my absence and the appearance of the dog that I was lost, or that some evil had come upon me. They raised the neighbors to the number of 20, lighted their lanterns and went upon the mountain. They then dispersed themselves into parties of two or three, kindled fires and hallooed. I saw their fires and heard their voices, but was so much debilitated that I could not go to them nor even answer them. At last, at about 11 o'clock, my father and two others came very near me, and I succeeded in making them hear me. No one can imagine the joy of the father and son at this meeting. I was assisted down the tree, and thus was death suffered to pass by me the second time.

I was so completely used up by this monster bruin that I was not able to perform much work for one year, and I have not outgrown it yet. If any one will tell a tougher bear story, and tell the truth, I will give him that same poker which I cut to dim bruin's peepers."

We passed through Rumford on our return home. In this town are beautiful intervals and good farmers. The town extends a good way on the river and has five villages or places of note. The Point, the Corner, the Centre, where we know is a first rate tavern—East Rumford and the Falls. We tarried over night at the last named place, because we wished to view the falls, by daylight.

There are only, we think, three houses here, a saw-mill, a shingle and carding machine, and a blacksmith's shop. The machinery is driven by water supplied by a canal and stream leading from the head of the falls on the west shore. A few years ago, a man having built or repaired this flume, sent his son to let water into it while he stood between the flume and the river, eighty feet above the bed, below the falls. The flume

burst when the water rushed into it and precipitated him into the river. He appeared to be not much injured by the fall, swam about the eddy, but was finally crushed among the logs and sank.

The waters of the Androscoggin here fall about 50 feet, and one half mile below about 50 feet. Here they rush down a curved channel in the ledge with amazing power and velocity. In time of freshet the water overflows this channel, and presents a wide fanning sheet. Spray constantly rises from these falls which causes the atmosphere in the vicinity to be damp, and we should think unwholesome. The water may be taken from the upper falls, and carried by canal across the elbow of the river and used to very great advantage, thereby furnishing water power for any amount of machinery. It is very probable, considering the proximity of these falls to the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, that the time is not far distant when this tremendous water-fall will become subservient to the will of man, and add to the necessities and comforts of life.

We are not particularly anxious that any of our friends, if they should chance to have any, should abide in this place over night, unless they thought the mist and vapor which rises from the falls would add to their comfort and health, and unless they would be perfectly reconciled to have the mosquitoes liberally open their veins.

And now, kind reader, for you must be kind if you have followed us through all our wanderings and wanderings, we must make out how and retire. If our letters have not been interesting and repaid the reading, we will only say they have cost us more time and labor than yourself; and we will most willingly grant you the privilege of rambling and writing, if we can but read.

M. B. SEARS.

Spent Tan Bark.

MR. EDITOR: Will you, or some of your correspondents, inform a young farmer whether tan bark can be made valuable as a manure; and if so, what is the best mode of applying it? I should think to pile it up into a heap, and mix swamp mud, ashes, and put on all the sink-water and soap-suds every farmer has a large quantity of this material. One of my neighbors is a tanner, and has a large quantity of this spent bark, and wishes me to try some of it. Now, if any one of our good farmers will inform me, I shall be much obliged.

Will some of our mechanics have the goodness to give a plan of a sweep horse-power? I wish to build one in my wood-house to saw wood. Very respectfully yours, B. F. CORANT.

LYME, N. H.
REMARKS. Mix spent tan bark in layers with liberal quantities of lime, ashes, potash, or other alkalies, and let it remain until it becomes old and mellow; less is too tannic acid, or astringent principle. This may require a year or two. The preparation of a compost, as mentioned by our correspondent, will be a good mode, but it must remain some time, that the tan may become partially decomposed, and lose its astringency.

If tan be thrown into a heap not so deep as to protect the centre from the modifying influences of heat, air, and rain, it will become partially decomposed in a few years, and make a good manure, particularly for trees and shrubs; but it will be the better by mixing lime or ashes with it, and forming a compost with mud, peat, or loam, and a little animal manure. Soap-suds, sink-water, and urine will make valuable additions to any compost heap. [New England Farmer.]

The Result of Skill and Industry.



R. EATON, Proprietor. E. J. MOORE, Editor.

THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 10, 1890.

Toughened Cast Iron.

Cast iron is oftentimes too brittle to be service in many places where much strain or sudden jolts or jars will come upon it. The Farmer & Mechanic, quoting from the Mining Register, gives the process of manufacturing what is called "Sterling" patent toughening iron—an English variety of iron which has been found very useful in making many kinds of machinery and implements used in agriculture or mechanic arts. It simply consists in mingling with the cast iron, as it runs from the smelting furnace, a quantity of wrought scrap iron.

This mode was patented in England some time ago, but as it has not been patented in this country, it may be used without the incumbrance of a patent right. "All that is done," says the Farmer & Mechanic, "is the placing wrought or scrap iron in the moulds used in forming the pigs of metal run from the first blast furnaces. The melted cast iron surrounds the solid scrap, and is then sold as Sterling's patent toughening iron. The consumer then remelts it in his cupola furnace, and the mixture enters into a more intimate chemical union."

In this way it will at once be seen that the quantity of carbon which the metal would have contained if not mingled with the scrap iron, and which is one cause of its brittleness, is taken up by the scrap wrought iron, and thus a less quantity is proportionately united to each particle. The structure or texture of the iron is also changed. It is said to be closer in grain. It is also said that the "strength of the iron, of course, varies with the proportions of the added wrought metal—the average superiority over ordinary cast iron being from 50 to 70 per cent., while maximum increase has been found to be 120 per cent."

If such be the fact, we would suggest to those who have cupola furnaces, and cannot obtain Sterling's composition, that they can make it themselves by melting the common pig iron and mixing it with wrought scrap iron. The additional expense of this will be the cost of once melting and casting it into pigs. Whether it would pay this additional expense, we are not able to say.

Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad.

A very full meeting of this Railroad corporation was held, on the 30th ult., in Winthrop, for the purpose of acting upon some plan for raising money to meet the liabilities of the corporation.

A plan had been matured by the board of Directors for issuing bonds at 60 per cent. to the stockholders themselves, in an amount sufficient to relieve the corporation from its debts. A fair and honest exposure of the condition of the company had been published by them. This plan, however, did not meet the approbation of the stockholders. It would be injurious and unjust to those stockholders who could not take the bonds offered, and instead of raising the value of the stock in the market it would depreciate it.

Very efficient remarks were made in opposition to this plan, by Messrs. Crane of Boston, Moore of Bangor, and Morrill of Augusta.

After an animated discussion the following plan was adopted.—That the Directors be authorized to issue, as the exigencies of the Road require, \$1,000,000 in bonds bearing interest at six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, running ten years.

That the Directors be requested to appoint John Ware, Samuel Taylor, Jr., Wm. C. Taber, W. B. S. Moore, and Lot M. Morrill a Finance Committee, with full powers to receive and report on the proposed plan.

First, to take these bonds at a rate not less than 85 per cent., to pay the floating debt of the Company. To exchange them at par for the former bonds of the Company.

If unable to sell enough of these bonds to pay the floating debt of the Company, to pledge them as might be necessary as security for temporary loans.

That this Committee have power to fill any vacancies that may occur in it.

The subscription to the bonds to be paid in installments in one, three, six and twelve months. The road, although it has not yet been in operation a year, is doing well. Its income is now paying the interest of a million, and its receipts are steadily increasing.

Robbery in Waterville.

J. M. Crocker's jewelry store, in Waterville, was broken into on the night of Thursday last, and goods to the amount of nearly two thousand dollars were stolen from the safe. The robbers entered by forcing open a back window, opened the safe, which was an old one, with a crow-bar, and escaped undetected.

A number of persons have been examined, but no evidence has been found against them, and we hear that no clue has yet been obtained to the robbers.

The Ticonic Bank building was broken into the same night, and an attempt made to blow open the safe with gunpowder, but owing to the construction of the lock, the attempt failed, and the safe proving much safer than they anticipated, they undoubtedly deemed it safe to abandon their speculation in that quarter, and seek a more favorable location for their operations.

Augusta Brass Band.

We are happy to learn that the above named band are to give a Musical Entertainment in this City on Wednesday evening, October 9th. They have procured new instruments throughout, and by constant practice have attained a proficiency equalled by few if any bands in the State. We hope our citizens will give them a crowded house, as it is much better to encourage and keep good music in our midst than to be dependent upon Boston or New York for music. Their leader, Mr. A. J. Locke, is well known in this vicinity as a skillful musician, and whenever the band have been called upon to perform, they have acquitted themselves with much credit. The programme will consist of marches, quicksteps, waltzes, &c., and the lovers of such music will find the above concert a rare opportunity to pass an evening pleasantly. It is to be held at the Universalist Church.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the Maine Farmer Office, 100 North Main Street, Portland, Me.

Subscription price, \$2.00 per annum in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.

Entered as second-class matter, October 10, 1890, under post office No. 100, at Portland, Me., under special authority of the Post Office Department. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1879, authorized on July 1, 1890.

Postage paid at Portland, Me., October 10, 1890.

Copyright, 1890, by The Maine Farmer Co.

Printed at the Maine Farmer Office, 100 North Main Street, Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Volume 17, No. 41, Thursday, October 10, 1890.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the Maine Farmer Office, 100 North Main Street, Portland, Me.

Subscription price, \$2.00 per annum in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.

Entered as second-class matter, October 10, 1890, under post office No. 100, at Portland, Me., under special authority of the Post Office Department. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1879, authorized on July 1, 1890.

Postage paid at Portland, Me., October 10, 1890.

Copyright, 1890, by The Maine Farmer Co.

Printed at the Maine Farmer Office, 100 North Main Street, Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the Maine Farmer Office, 100 North Main Street, Portland, Me.

Subscription price, \$2.00 per annum in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.

Entered as second-class matter, October 10, 1890, under post office No. 100, at Portland, Me., under special authority of the Post Office Department. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1879, authorized on July 1, 1890.

Postage paid at Portland, Me., October 10, 1890.

Copyright, 1890, by The Maine Farmer Co.

Printed at the Maine Farmer Office, 100 North Main Street, Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

Published by The Maine Farmer Co., Portland, Me.

FARE REDUCTIONS:

FARE REDUCED!
TO BOSTON AND LOWELL.
 0 to Boston, —\$2.00 to Lowell.
THE NEW, SAFE, and FAST
SAILING STEAMER
OCEAN,
 Capt. E. H. SANFORD,
 STEAMBOAT WHARF, Hallowell, **MON-**
THURSDAYS, for **BOSTON,** at 2½, Gardiner,
 with 6 o'clock P. M.
LEAVING—Leaves FOSTER'S WHARF, Boston,
ON FRIDAY EVENING.
 This steamer is a new boat, built expressly for this route;
 furnished with boats and fire apparatus; and her good
 as a sea boat, with her splendid accommodations

her a great favorite with the traveling public; passengers hope to have a share of the business season.

It will be in readiness, on the arrival of the Ocean Mail, to carry passengers to Winthrop, Bedford, Farmington, Vergennes, Dixfield, Canton, Skowhegan, Waterville, &c.

Passenger PHOENIX will also be in readiness to take passengers to and from Waterville on the days and sailing.

Our boat will take no **LIFE CALVES** on freight.

A. H. HOWARD, *Agent.*

Sept. 16, 1856. 16

**EBEC AND PORTLAND
RAILROAD.**



NG ARRANGEMENTS.
Changed March 18, 1850.
after MONDAY, March 18, Passenger Trains

on this road, in connection with the Atlantic
Seaboard Railroad, daily (Sundays excepted) as
follows:
PORTLAND for Freeport, Brunswick and Bath,
and 24 P. M.
BATH for Brunswick, Freeport, Yarmouth, and
and 8 A. M., and 24 P. M.
Brunswick, stages connect with Bowdoinham, Rich-
land, Hallowell and Augusta—leaving Brun-
swick 4 P. M., on arrival of the Cars from Port-
land, reach Brunswick in time for the first
stage to Portland at 1 P. M.
SUFFICIENT TICKETS between Portland and Gar-

well on August 8, \$1.50.
Stages connect with Wisconsin, Damariscotta,
Thomaston, Belfast and Bangor.
JAMES HALL, Sup^y.
March, 1856. 161f

Members of the Transcript feel sure that all in who want a paper filled with choice Tales, Stories, Anecdotes and Sketches, well mingled with wit and lively jokes, will like it better than from abroad.

For Subscribing to the Transcript.
A paper especially designed for this State.
Is a good excuse to bind and preserve.
Is neatly printed on good paper and clear type.
Is low in price, whether single or in clubs.
Is as postage than a paper printed out of the
An old and well established paper, and a paper

TERMS:
 In advance—\$2.00 if not paid within the year.
DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.
 In advance, we will furnish 4 copies, one year.
 " " " 8 " "
 " " " 15 " "
GOULD & ELWELL, Publishers.

FETT & PRESCOTT'S

AND SHAWL STORE,
No. 2 Milk Street, Boston,
ED and Re-stocked for the Autumn
of 1850: To keep pace with the times, we
make Suitable Improvements in our well known
and, have secured an assortment of
W SHAWLS, SILKS,
AND CLOAK GOODS,
distance all competition, without exception.
largely ask the attention of WHOLESALE AND
Retail Customers.

who answer our call, we guarantee that the *qualities and prices shall meet their most exacting expectations.*

LETT & PRESCOTT, No. 2 Milk st.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING!
 MEMBERS of this vicinity, visiting Boston, in want of **BEST RATE ARTICLE OF CLOTHING** and Winter Wear, are particularly invited to
BROWN & LAWRENCE'S,
 IN THE ENTIRE
 CORNER OF THE OLD SQUARE HOUSE FRONT

to be found the largest and most extensive stock of **able Ready-made Clothing** in the city, made by the best of Workmen, and from the *selection of Goods*, of late importation. **WHOLESALE** **TAIL**, at prices as low as any Clothing House in the city. The attention of Country Dealers is respectfully solicited.

Who are in want of a superior garment can find one as comfortable, equal in any that is custom made, and at all times to keep on hand the best Ready-made clothing which can be found in this or any other

which we have become so justly celebrated.

ARTICLES MADE TO ORDER,

and Desirable Goods, selected from this Fall's
line, together with a general assortment of Fancy
suitable for Gentlemen's Wear.

*Purchasing, please call at the Old State House,
on State Street, BOSTON.*

Mass., 1856. ly 13

Arrangement and Fare Reduced.

STEAMBOAT & RAILROAD LINE
Augusta to Portland and Boston
Via Bath.

After Sept. 25th, until further notice, Passengers
will be taken through from Augusta to Bath
as follows: The steamer J. D. PIERCE
leaves every morning at 9 o'clock, touches at
Haidrop and Richmond, and arrives at Bath in
connect with the 11 o'clock Train of Cars for

NEW HARDY CLIMBER.
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL CLIMBER, *Celastrus*, recently introduced from China, by Mr. Groves perfectly hardy in New England, having grown here the past winter without the least injury. Trained to a single pillar, **only 10 feet in height,** striking and beautiful object, from the middle of cold weather, during which time it is covered

It is very ornamental planted in patches like grass makes an admirable screen, and is very effective in plantations, belts or shrubberies, trailing over the surface, and running up among the lower of trees in a very picturesque manner. It is, particularly suited for ornamenting Cemeteries and Gardens. Its culture is very simple, and it may good garden soil. When required in quantities, it is best to start them under glass in March, but the tubers may also be planted in ground in May. The subscriber will send to order or express, October 30th, tubers sufficient for

HUNDRED AGENTS WANTED
Travel in the Southern, Middle, and Northern States.
If employment will be given for a number of respectable young men, of business habits, possessed of a good common education and gentlemanly bearing, who would find it a

tions, as it will afford an opportunity to see a
 son of country, and, at the same time, save, be-
 lieves, from three to five hundred dollars, a
 ne agents can double that amount. Much de-
 ability to act, perseverance and economy, it
 want business. Those who desire further in-
 can obtain the same by addressing, (post-paid),
 JACOB MONK, Philadelphia.

FANCY GOODS.
ER & HEYER, 48 Cornhill, Boston.

ERS of French, German and English **FANCY
R, TOYS, and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,**
of description, all of which they will sell at a small
in the cost of Importation.
ANTS FROM THE COUNTRY will do well
examine our extensive stock before purchasing
1935 Boston, Mass., Aug., 1850.

RE AND STEAMBOAT NOTICE.
FARE REDUCED.
after August 1st, and until further notice, pass

will be ticketed through, by Stage and Steamer
Mondays and Thursdays, from New Sharon to
for Two Dollars and Seventy-five Cents; and
to Rome, and Belgrade for Two Dollars and
cents. The Fare is also Reduced from Mercer to
to One Dollar.
V. D. PINKHAM.
July 31, 1856. 31

signed by J. W. COFREN, who is duly authorized the same. All persons indebted to us are requested to pay either by cash or note.

E. BLATCHFORD,
J. W. COFREN.

Sept. 21, 1859.

NOTICE.

I have purchased the interest of my late partner in the firm of COFREN & BLATCHFORD. I shall continue at the old stand. I shall keep, as heretofore, assortment of Paints, Medicines, Drugs, and

J. W. COFFIN.
Sept. 21, 1899.

WANTED.—10,000 bushels of Oats wanted, for the highest cash price will be paid by
S. 1899. **L. B. HAMLEN, & Union Block.**



